


The Gimlet



The gimlet is a small instrument
with a point

October, 1916

SHAPLEIGH HARDWARE CO.
Established 1843
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Damages 5 Cents a Copy or 25 Cents a Year.
We need the money. There may be more
numbers. That all depends. 
This is real second class stuff that pays
first class postage. No post offices entered.

**"In life's small things be resolute and great
To Keep thy muscle trained: know'st
thou when Fate**

**Thy measure takes, or when she'll say
to thee,**

I find thee worthy, do this deed for me!" "

—Lowell.

SHAPLEIGH HARDWARE CO.



ESTABLISHED 1843



ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

A PATTERN FOR EVERY PURPOSE

FORGED
FROM A SOLID BAR OF
TOOL STEEL, NO RIVETS,
NO WELDS, ELECTRICALLY
OR OTHERWISE.

OIL TEMPERED BLADES
INSURING LONG WEARING
QUALITIES.

SEND FOR SAMPLE AND
EXAMINE THE
QUALITY.

EXTRA LONG
EXTRA STRONG
SOLID SOCKET



CONQUEROR
SHOVELS

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

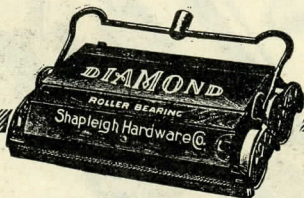
DIAMOND CARPET SWEEPERS

Do not neglect the sale of Carpet Sweepers; there will always be a demand for a good quality Sweeper. We will give (free) a display rack with every purchase of three or more Sweepers.

Send us your order today; get a display stand and **SELL** the Sweepers.

No. D—Per dozen \$54.00

Usual Trade
Discount



IN MY SIX-INCH SHELF OF BOOKS,
there is a copy of Percy Shelley's poems—I read 'em when I'm sleepy.
Queer lot of stuff, you know.

But did you ever notice where he says,—

"How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish,"

It made the Girl laugh—me too.

Sweeping is such a simple task and quick, if you use a **Diamond Carpet Sweeper**.—I wonder if Percy had one,—I'll ask Father Malone what he thinks about it—he ought to know.

By the way, brother, it's carpet sweeper time right now—how many shall I send you?
M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE,"

TROWELS BRICK — PLASTERING

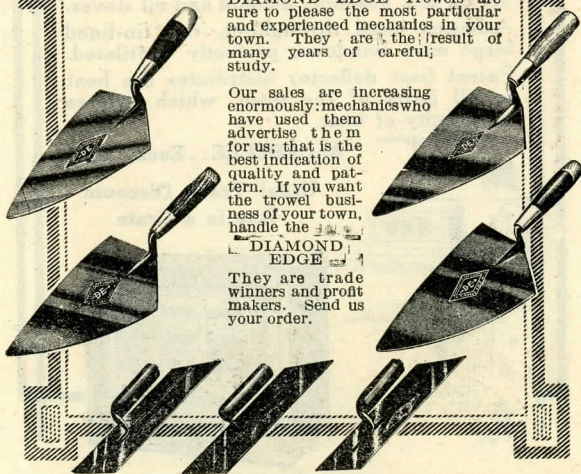


DIAMOND EDGE Trowels are sure to please the most particular and experienced mechanics in your town. They are the result of many years of careful study.

Our sales are increasing enormously: mechanics who have used them advertise them for us; that is the best indication of quality and pattern. If you want the trowel business of your town, handle the

DIAMOND
EDGE

They are trade winners and profit makers. Send us your order.



THERE'S MANY A WHOLESOME LESSON

to be learned, my son, from what you sell.

These Diamond Edge Trowels, for instance, teach patience and perseverance.

There is a great cathedral, here a lofty office building, yonder a towering stack that seems to rise to the clouds. You gaze in wonder at the architectural genius they express. But when you examine closely you observe they are only bricks, laid one at a time,—one brick and one trowelful of mortar.

And your life is even so—your thoughts, your actions, laid one by one in the mortar of Time.

Pray sir, what are you building—and how?

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

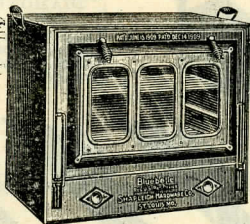
PORTABLE OVENS

- BLUEBELLE -

The BLUEBELLE Ovens are made for use on gas, gasoline, alcohol and oil stoves. Asbestos lined throughout, full tin-lined large mica windows, perfectly ventilated. Patent heat deflector distributes the heat to all parts of the oven, which insures uniformity of heat.

BLUEBELLE. . Each, \$5.00

**Usual Trade Discount
One in a Crate**



**"Frae morn to e'en, its naught but toilin',
At bakin', roastin', fryin', boilin',"**

Why shouldn't woman aye be scoldin',
Whilst to th' fire her face she's holdin'?
Why don't ye buy a Bluebelle Oven
An' prove that you're a husband lovin'?
'Twill simplify her task of bakin'
So she her ease can aye be takin',
An' ye'll hae grub that when you're eatin'
Will taste so good it can't be beaten.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

PHONOGRAPHS

Not a toy, but a thoroughly practical modern talking machine.

In presenting this Machine we believe we are filling a long-felt want for a practical talking machine at a very low price. The important features of any talking machine are the motor, sound reproducer and the sound box, and to all of these we have paid special attention.

Per Dozen

No. 1AP—Oak Case 9x10x5½;

Weight per doz., 84 lbs. . . . \$78.00

We also carry a stock of Emerson double-faced 7-in. Records.

Usual Trade Discount



IF

you could get a machine which would with equal facility play a Victor, a Columbia, an Edison or any other record,—

If you could get a machine, so perfect in mechanism, so sensitive of adjustment, that it would reproduce the mellow voice of Caruso, the marvelous technique of Paderewski, the thunderous orchestral climaxes of John Philip Sousa, the shrill strains of Highland pipers, the rippling notes of a thrush's song, the masterly peroration of the greatest orator and the syncopated cadences of a funny minstrel man,—

And if you could get all this at a price incredibly below what such a wonderful machine should cost,—would you?

You can, brother, if you act quickly—we have only a few hundred of them—they'll all be gone before you speak—unless you speak now. M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

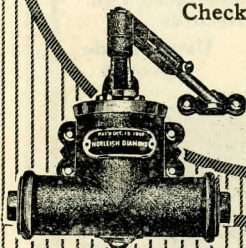
Norleigh Diamond Door Spring and Check

A LIQUID CHECK

Many REASONS why NORLEIGH DIAMOND Checks are best. The strength of inside working parts, simplicity of construction, checking of door in opening as well as closing, the checking of door steadily from start to finish, or quickly the first half and slowly the last half or vice versa, the double ports of regulating the speed of door controlled by one screw.

Put a NORLEIGH DIAMOND

Check on your door, demonstrate them to your trade. It will mean the sale of many.



"A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;—
* * * *

A sudden hubbub shook the hall."

Clapping doors have destroyed many a beauteous day dream since Alfred wrote these lines—and many a shocking curse has been exclaimed against them.

Norleigh Diamond Door Checks are a blessing to mankind; they put a final quietus to the clapping of doors. They are strong as a hurricane and silent as a zephyr.

And right now is the time to sell them.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

DIAMOND EDGE SHEARS

AMERICAN MADE

Our sale of Shears grows constantly. They give satisfaction. Your customers once use *DIAMOND EDGE* Shears, they will have no other. The blades are best English high-carbon steel LAID cutting edges. They stay sharp. The LOCK NUT has a double right-hand thread which fits slightly into one of the blades, guaranteeing their tension. They can not work loose. They cost no more, but last longer.

TRY THEM

Each Shear in an Individual Carton.



Lucinda, beauteous, radiante,
Said to Juan, her brave amante,
"Unless you find the mark Diamante,
Please do not bring to me the shears."
Now Juan beheld her sad semblante,
The fierce expression arrogante,
Upon the face of his amante,
In a woeful vale of tears.
So he hiked to Calle Gante,
Found the "Filo de Diamante,"
And placed himself en adelante,
For many happy years.

—Sam Davis, Gimleteer.

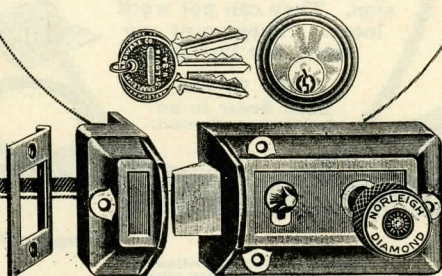
"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

NORLEIGH DIAMOND NIGHT LATCHES

You can sell them with profit. Your customers can use them with safety and satisfaction—they never fail. Fitted with patent stop so latch can be locked secure against being opened with key. Bronze cylinder, knob and bolt; three German silver keys; one rim and reverse bevel strike with each lock.

No. ND200—Per dozen.....\$29.00

Usual trade discount.
Twelfth dozen in a box.



"THE DOOR WAS OFF THE LATCH:—THEY PEEPED AND SAW—"

Yes, but 'twas lucky for Dora and Mary that door hadn't one of these bully 360's, else they'd never have seen the pretty picture Tennyson tells about.

360 Night Latches are never off the latch unless you turn them off. They are secure beyond compare and an' ornament to any door.

You handle them, of course, but you ought have both finishes. M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

NORLEIGH DIAMOND JACKS

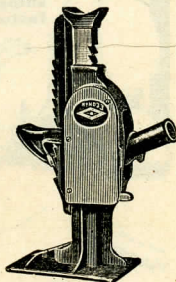
AN EXTRA FINE JACK.

A new line we have put on the market designed for cars with different height front and rear axles.

Our sales have been heavy. Everyone who has examined this line of Jacks has recommended them to be the best made for the price. Frame made of best grade malleable iron. All inside working parts are drop forged; the rack bar is made of cut steel.

No. ND33—11-in. High,
capacity 1 ton, weight
12 lbs. Each, \$5.50

Usual Trade
Discount



LIKE ITS OWNER, every automobile has its ups and downs. Downs are mostly bad for it, some ups are good, some are very good.

In the long run, this **Norleigh Diamond Jack** is the best of all ups—it uplifts, that is, lifts up so easily,—it holds up so steadily,—it stays so dependably that you can't do without it.

But there's one thing about it that isn't up—yet,—and that's the price. Mebbe you'd better stock up whilst they're down. M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

RADIATOR AND ENGINE COVERS FOR FORD CARS

Ford Radiator Covers made especially for the Ford Car requirements.

The Gordon Ford Radiator and Engine Cover will keep the water in the radiator hot for several hours in the most extreme weather, thus allowing the engine to start easily.

The Gordon Cover is made to fit your particular model car and is securely fastened with patent glove fasteners.

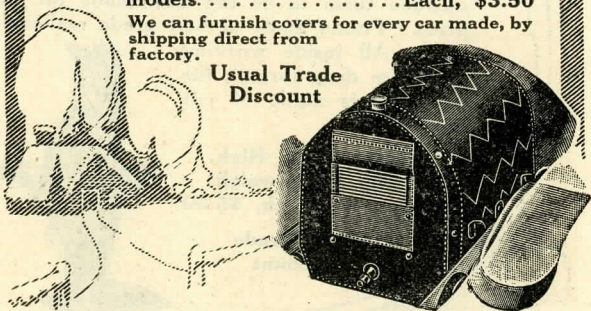
Specify Model of Ford Car

No. 1020F—Fits all Ford models prior to 1917.....Each, \$3.50

No. 102017F—Fits all Ford 1917 models.....Each, \$3.50

We can furnish covers for every car made, by shipping direct from factory.

**Usual Trade
Discount**



My Ford runs gally in the summer's breeze
And I go swiftly any place I please.
But when November makes me sniff and sneeze,
My Ford will only sit and wheeze
And let its radiator freeze.

Hold on! Let's read this advertisement over!
What's that? A radiator cover?
Hooray! My frozen Summer Rover,—
We'll try this on—you'll soon recover—
And then we'll both be back in clover.

M. K.

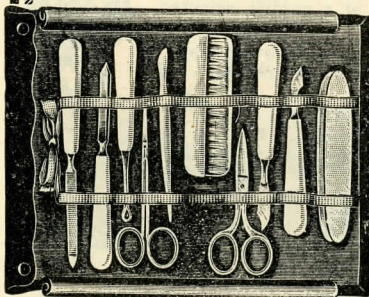
"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

DIAMOND MANICURE SET

Ten piece, good quality, medium priced. Every dealer can sell some of these sets. FRENCH IVORY HANDLES, GOLD PLATED BLADES. Contains nail file, cuticle chisel, blackhead remover, cuticle scissors, nail scissors, hoof stick, nail brush, corn knife, cuticle knife and nail buffer, in a grained leather case lined with green satin. A high quality set.

No. 349/10G—Per set.....\$9.00

One set in a box.



Usual
Trade
Discount.

BOBBY BURNS WAS AN ODD CHAP,—
he had many faults, but his shrewd eyes never missed anything.
Of course you mind his little couplet:

“But some day ye may gnaw your nails
An’ curse your folly sairly,—”

It always makes me wonder if some untidy, ill-kept fingernails worn by one of his numerous lady friends didn’t provoke the lines.

Gnawing the nails is a habit handed down from Simian ancestors—they always manicured theirs with their teeth.

And so, on behalf of Bobby and gentility in general, I most heartily recommend the use of Diamond Edge Manicure Sets.

M. K.

“DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE”



**"DIAMONDEGE"
AXES**

Are recognized as the best Axes made. The carefully tempered crucible steel bits are a guarantee of quality. All of our Axe handling is done in our own well-equipped Axe handling department by men of many years experience. We ship out only fresh, clean handles of a quality selected by you.

Write for prices and complete description.

THE STATELY OAK.

"May never saw dismember thee,
Nor wielded axe disjoint,
Thou art the fairest-spoken tree
From here to Lizard-point."

Unless, oh Oak, some woodman bold
With axe of **Diamond Edge**,
Fell thee and turn they heart of gold
To the sweet privilege
of better service to the race.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

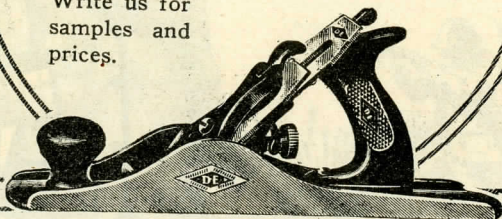
DIAMOND EDGE **BENCH PLANES**

Adjustable

DIAMOND EDGE Planes are made carefully, every Plane undergoes a rigid inspection before packing. Black enameled cast iron bottom, ground true; black composition hard rubber handle; highest grade English tool steel thin bit cutters, tempered in oil, ground and sharpened ready for use.

The carpenters will be interested in the quality of these Planes. A little demonstration means many sales.

Write us for
samples and
prices.



"MOIKE," SEZ HAGGERTY,

"d' y' shave y'r self?"

"I do," sez I, "Why?"

"Ol'm thinkin' av doin' th' same," sez he, "an' would y' moind advisin' me what sort av a shavin' kit Ol'd best buy?"

"Haggerty," sez I, "considerin' th' job an' th' material, I'd suggest that y' use a **Diamond Edge Block Plane**—they turn a pretty shavin' with or agin th' grain, be th' wood hard or soft."

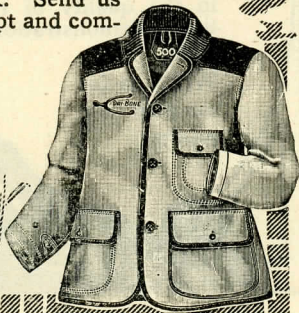
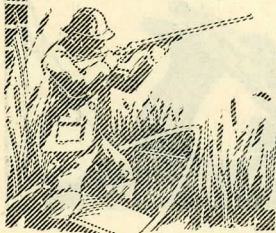
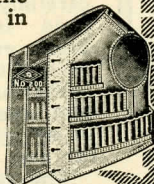
M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

HUNTING CLOTHING

NORLEIGH DIAMOND

We make everything in the NORLEIGH DIAMOND line in a thorough manner, extra large sizes, extra lengths, well sewed, big pockets, correct shapes, etc. All these special features make our line desirable for you to handle. Send for description of our full line. We have the prices, line and the STOCK. Send us your orders for prompt and complete shipments.



Three treasures have I that no money could buy,
Tho' I reckon they aren't worth much;
A rich man like you wouldn't value them high,
You have no use, mebbe, for such.
But listen! Their service your coin couldn't measure,—
For long it would take me to tell.
Of the bright happy days full of innocent pleasure,
That with them in memory dwell.
Ah! You're wondering now! Questions rise in your throat,—
Right gladly I'll own what they be,—
They're my dog and my gun and my old hunting coat,—
We're off now to the fields,—won't you join me?

M K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

REDSTRONG WRINGERS

The Best Wringer Made.

Two Styles

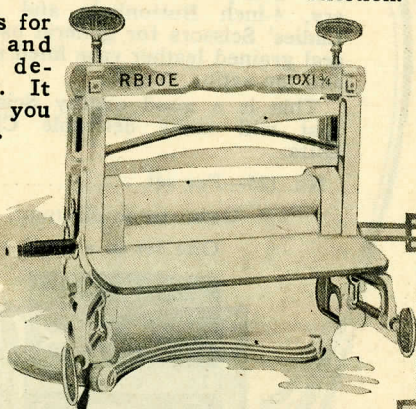
REDSTRONG HIGH FRAME

REDSTRONG LOW FRAME

(ball-bearing enclosed gears)

The strongest, longest lived, most serviceable wringers ever built. We guarantee the fine white rubber rolls without restriction.

Write us for prices and further description. It will pay you to do so.



THIS UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

reminds me of the old nigger wash-woman who bought a second-hand wringer from Issy Cohen. The wringer didn't work very well and next day Mandy took it back.

"Looke heah, Mistah Cohen, dis heah wringah hain't no 'count tall! Ah wants my money back, Ah does!"

But Issy only smiled.

"You done tole me if hit wasn't satisfactory you'd 'turn my money, didn't y'?"

"You haf mein exactt vords."

"W'l den you kin jist fork ovah, boss!"

"Aber, mein dear vooman, dot monish is perfectly satisfactory undt I pet you I chust keeps him."

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

A CHRISTMAS SCISSOR SET

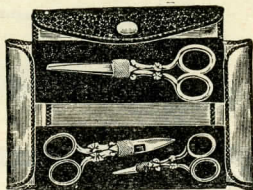
Fancy gold plated handles, full nickel plated and polished blades, three-piece set. One pair each—3½-inch Embroidery, 4-inch Buttonhole and 5½-inch Ladies' Scissors for general use. In a seal grained leather case lined in velvet and tan satin.

This is a good quality Scissor Set that will make desirable Christmas Gifts.

No. 125—Per set.....\$6.50

Usual trade discount.

One set in a box.



AFTER ALL MY BOASTING

that my house has kept hands off the fascinating game of selling war munitions, here I am, confronted with the job of encouraging the sale of this lovely line of Revenue Cutters.

Yes, Revenue Cutters, for among the manifold uses of these splendid Diamond Edge Scissors, none is more delightful than to sit down before a healthy stack of bonds and clip your coupons—your revenue.

I hope you have the bonds.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

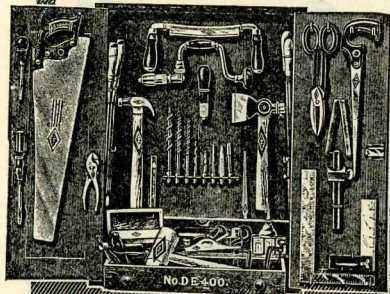
TOOL CABINETS

An excellent item for the holiday trade—Cabinets and Tool Sets—at prices to suit your requirements. High grade tools for the expert mechanics; tools suitable for home use and also for the boy.

We furnish advertising cards for show window displays and price cards with every Cabinet we send out.

We will furnish upon request a quantity of booklets bearing dealer's name on front cover, showing a complete line of Cabinets and Tool Sets with retail prices which will stimulate their sale.

Make a special campaign on Tool Cabinets.



We will
assist
you.

WRITE
US.



SOME CLERKS

haven't the first-formed idea of **suggestive** salesmanship:—A customer buys a screwdriver,—he remarks that "anything 'll do, the kids 'll lose it anyway."

A SALESMAN

would seize the opportunity of that peevish remark and lead the patron gently but firmly to a **Diamond Edge Tool Cabinet**. He might not sell it then—but the thought he plants takes root and the chances are he'll win that man to the idea of owning one—the rest is easy.

TELL ME, BROTHER,

Are you a salesman or only a clerk?

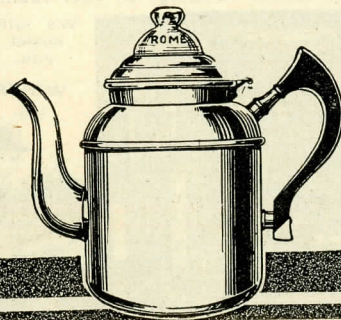
M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

ROME COFFEE PERCOLATORS

The quality of **ROME** goods is demonstrated by the long service rendered. Made of pure sheet aluminum. Breast double seamed to body. Cast spout. Rosewood handle.

Nos.	5023	5024	5026
Capacity, cups..	4	6	9
Per doz.....	\$54.00	56.00	62.00
One in a box. Usual Trade Discount.			



The diner is so neat and clean,
The meadows are so bright and green,
The linen is so very white,
The silver is so very bright,—it is a lovely place to eat.

The chef can broil a steak so well,
The dainty salad's really swell,
The baked potatoes are so good,
The meal is more than simply food,—I don't believe it can be beat.

But listen! lest you spoil it all,
Beware! for coffee never call,
No **Percolator**, made in **Rome**,
They use, like wifie does at home,—the stuff they serve is just a cheat.
M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

AIR RIFLES

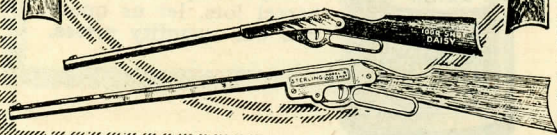
THE Fall and Christmas trade will create a big demand for AIR RIFLES.

We Carry the

**KING, DAISY
BENJAMIN and
STERLING**

A big stock of all kinds.

Send us your orders early—get the goods in stock.



TEACH YOUR BOY

to aim at the center of the target, to shoot straight. Teach him that it never pays to scatter, that a single shot or purpose, well aimed, is better than a dozen aimless ones.

Teach him to train his mind like a rifle, not like a shotgun. If he wins in the contest of life it will be because he has learned the hard lesson of concentration. An Air Rifle may be only a toy, but if you try you can make it teach him this lesson of concentration, of singleness of aim.

And when he's a man,—he'll thank both you and it.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

NORLEIGH DIAMOND BATTERIES

Holding the Battery business of your town depends upon the quality and service the battery you sell is giving.



The NORLEIGH DIAMOND Batteries are giving service the user wants. If he has used them he knows the quality.

Give them a trial—they are sure to give you the same good service they give thousands of other dealers.

Write us for prices.

If you buy batteries in barrel lots, let us quote you our quantity prices.

"GIE ME AE SPARK O' NATURE'S FIRE—"

The Scotch bard, if rumor be correct, had many a spark of one sort or another—but he seemed to seek in vain for that of Nature's fire.

Norleigh Diamond Batteries are alive with it, chuck full of fire, always ready to start something. There are plenty of Batteries that recommend themselves very highly (on the label) but when it comes to actual performance, they fail to register.

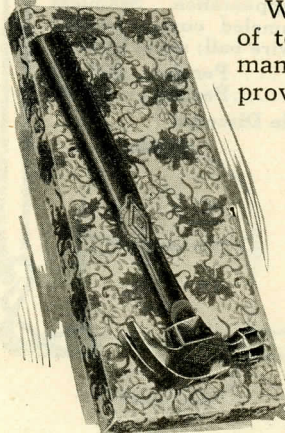
You are too busy, brother, to monkey with uncertainties—stick to Norleigh Diamonds—they're always right. M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

Tools for the Christmas Trade.

Many Tools can be sold for the Christmas trade by showing them in boxes covered with Holly paper.

They make practical and sensible Christmas gifts.



We have a variety of tools put up in this manner that have all proven big sellers.

Hammers, Braces, Pliers, Saws, Boy Scout Axes and Planes.

Don't miss this opportunity.

**Write Us for
Prices.**

*"Be merrie all, be merrie all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merrie Christmas."*

And as the holidays draw near, you can't do better than to give your stock a touch of timeliness.

These **Holly Boxes** for **Diamond Edge Tools** lend that touch—the idea of using them was originated by us some years ago and has become both popular and profitable to wide-awake merchants.

Our salesmen will gladly explain their use.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

WHITE DIAMOND

ENAMELED



WARE

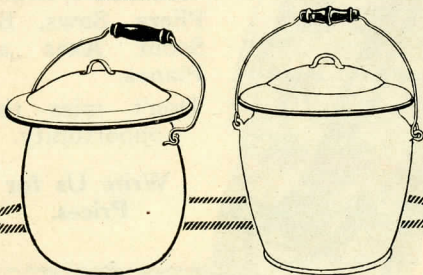
(Made in the United States.)

Pure white enameled inside and outside with black edges and trimmings having that pure white sanitary appearance. Seamless body; Roll Rim; enameled cover; beaded cover handle; tinned wire bail; wood grip.

No. 3OW—10 quart. . . . Per doz., \$27.00

No. OW— 9 quart. . . . Per doz., 22.00

Usual Trade Discount



YOU CAN BUY

many sorts of enameled ware, buying is easy, pictures are all well enough—in catalogs. But my dear brother, selling is quite another question.

The salient point about our various wares is the ease with which you can sell them and the excellent profit they yield to you. There is none like them in color, design, trim or finish.

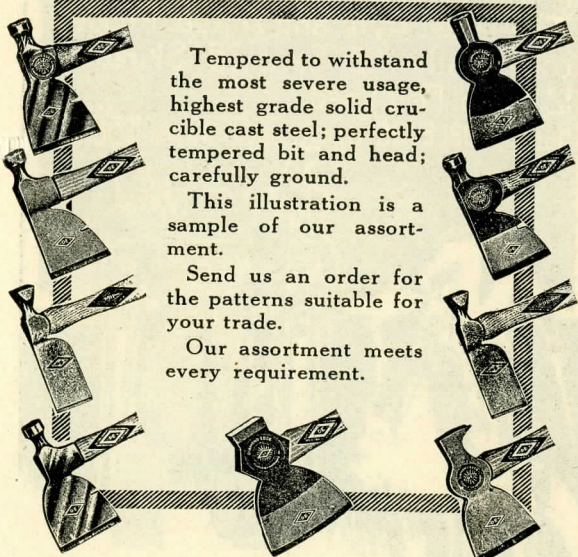
And now is the time when toilet utensils are in largest demand. Look over your stock and send me your order.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

DIAMOND EDGE HATCHETS



Tempered to withstand the most severe usage, highest grade solid crucible cast steel; perfectly tempered bit and head; carefully ground.

This illustration is a sample of our assortment.

Send us an order for the patterns suitable for your trade.

Our assortment meets every requirement.

IF
you could be sure of having tools better than the average—

IF
you could be sure of tools that never fail to please—

IF
you could be sure the price were always right—

WHY THEN,
you might devote all your time and talent to selling, for there's where your profit's made.

LISTEN! I'll tell you how you can be sure—

Buy **Diamond Edge**—it has no ifs and the price is always right.

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

This Saddle is well made of the very best materials obtainable.

It is well proportioned and very strong.

The latest style and shape. Russet color leather. 15" Seat. 26" Skirts.

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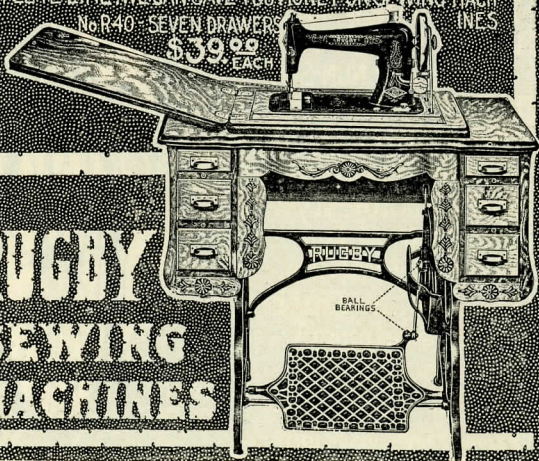
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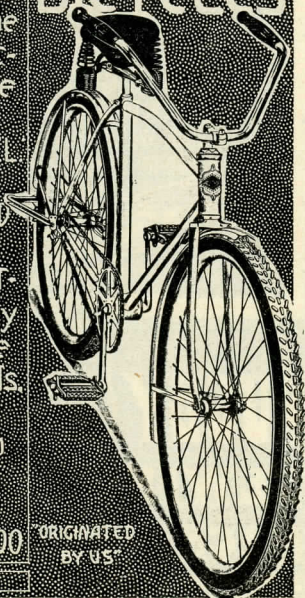
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The Gimlet



NAME REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR
HARDWARE BOSSES AND THEIR CLERKS

Vol. X

OCTOBER, 1916

No. 9

Address all Communications to
MIKE KINNEY, Teamster and Editor
c/o SHAPLEIGH HARDWARE CO.
Established 1843

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Damages 5 Cents a Copy or 25 Cents a Year

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

DON'T get excited or petulant, brother, I'm neither the tax man nor a Chinaman, but I repeat the question—How much are you worth?

I said Chinaman, because it is a Chinese custom to put this very query, and if answered he of the almond eyes is very apt to follow it up with the sometimes more embarrassing question, "*How did you get it?*" Leastways, Father Malone says so, and Father Malone is a wise guy.

Inventory time is near at hand. In a few weeks the rush of holiday trade will be over and you'll settle down to the annual job of taking stock, of counting the contents of your shelves and bins, of striking a balance to see just where you stand.

It's a good thing to do, no matter how irksome, no matter how pleasing or disappointing the result. A man who

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doesn't at least once a year find out exactly "where he's at," isn't a safe man to do business with.

But listen, brother; when you take stock this time, suppose you dig a little deeper than has been your custom; suppose you inventory your *self* as well as your chattels. The wisest man who ever lived once said, "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It is good to know what the *things* you possess are worth—but it is vastly better to know what *you* are worth.

In these days of public accountants and professional auditors, the inventory has been reduced to a scientific basis of unquestionable accuracy. Guesswork has given place to proven figures.



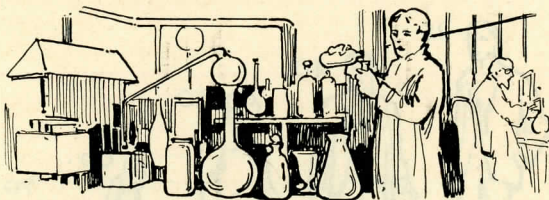
The balance sheet tells its story of your financial status in merciless black and white.

But where shall a man find the rule for computing his personal worth?

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Let's see.

Take yourself as raw material:—you weigh, say a hundred and fifty pounds. According to the computation



of the physiologist your body, resolved to its component parts, would inventory about like this:

The equivalent of 100 dozen eggs @ 40c.	\$40.00
3649 cubic feet of gas @ 80c	2.92
Iron equaling four 10d nails.	.01
Fat sufficient for six dozen candles @ 15c.	.90
Phosphate (value much inflated now)	7.97
Salt, 4 ozs.	.02
Sugar, 1 lb.	.09
Water, 40 qts., plain.	.00
Lime, hair, etc. (liberal estimate).	.10

\$52.01

Flattering, ain't it?

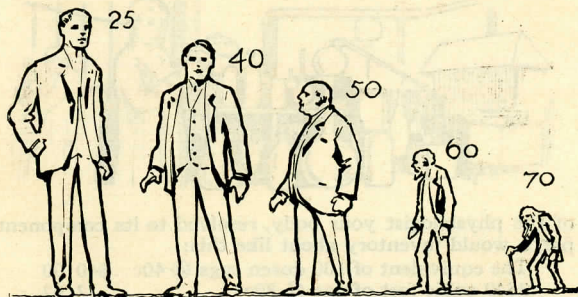
Now, take yourself as a money-making unit, basing your estimate on your prospective earning capacity. You are twenty-five years of age, which is your maximum of value for such calculation.

Dr. Holt, an economic student of world prominence, recently made use of all available data in arriving at the conclusion that by taking

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a wide average of productiveness and figuring at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest, a healthy man of twenty-five is worth exactly \$5488.03. At forty this



valuation decreases to \$4719.32; at fifty, it is \$3742.71; at sixty, it has fallen to \$2163.90; and at seventy, horrors! the average man is worth but \$17.13.

No, brother, durn'd if I'll tell you how old I am, not after a bunch of figures like that!

Another unpleasant method of ascertaining your exact value is to become the innocent victim of a railroad accident and leave the question of damages to a jury. In the great State of Missouri, the judge will inform the twelve men and just that under the law and statutes the maximum value of human life lost by accident is \$5000, and your loving family will be lucky beyond the average if they collect as much as \$3333.33, from which, as a matter of accounting, must be deducted the inevitable lawyer's fees.

What a lovely thought!

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Pompey gave Demetrius his freedom, and thereby reduced his own property holdings to the extent of Demetrius' market value, which translated into U. S. currency was \$3875, for which you might buy a right decent motor car today.

In the days of Calvinus Labinus, a slave, if learned, easily brought \$4000—comedians were worth considerably more.

You wonder what I am driving at,—you are perhaps a little provoked to have these unpleasant things poked under your nose,—you think—Ah! that's what I'm driving at! I want you to *think*. I want you to gaze level-eyed at your own dear self and I want you to appraise that self at what value you can honestly put upon it.

*"For, what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?"*

But you must not fail to note that all these figures apply only to the *average* man. And right here lies the heart of my homely little message.

If you are only an *average* man you aren't what nature intended you to be, and that you aren't is because you've been too lazy, too indifferent, too superficial to put to test the half divine attributes and capacities which nature has lavished upon you.

Don't dodge, don't glance around to see the man I'm talking to—it's you—you—YOU—and you know it.

Average!

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Why, brother, this old world is crowded to suffocation with *average* men and women. They aren't good, they aren't bad; they're neither hot nor cold; they come unnoticed, they go unnoticed; they are mere human atoms, grains of sand in a soil where diamonds and golden nuggets are forming—to be discovered and treasured throughout all time.

Average!

The very word is hateful. It is the monotony of the dead level. It is the meal without leaven. It speaks of dead ambition, of unwillingness to try, of littleness of self, of ingrown poverty of mind, of mediocrity—deliberately chosen.

Average!

You have no right to be only an average man unless by choice you are such.

You sell a five-eighths harrow tooth for a dime,—it is a pound of steel,—a harrow tooth because it has no soul and hence no choice. Time was when it might have become a steel so fine that men had made it into watch springs—think of it! A pound of watch springs worth many times their weight in gold! but it is only a harrow tooth, worth one pitiful dime!



The histories you read—what do they say about *average* men? Nothing! There isn't room in their pages. A few great men monopolize them all, and why? Because you and I don't care a rap about average men—because when we read we want to read about men who have done something—been somebody.

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Ben Franklin was an average boy, but bless you, he grew so fast and so big that he poked his head clear through the law of average, up into the clear blue of individuality, and you can look back over a whole century of average men and see him towering far above his fellows.



Abe Lincoln was hardly an average man until, stung by the realization that he wasn't, he began to climb. It was a slow job; it was discouraging; he hadn't a ghost of a show—but he didn't mind—he kept right on climbing, climbing. And he never stopped.



But we're not done with that ugly little word average yet; what does it mean? Don't bother to look it up, I've done that for you and here's what I find: "Medium, middling, mean, ordinary, passable, moderate, tolerable, well enough, pretty well, not bad." Did you ever see such a string of miserable, contemptible words all in a row? Aren't they enough to make you sick?

But that isn't all—average means, as a noun, "equal in amount to the sum of all the particular quantities of the same sort divided by the number of them." As a verb it means "to reduce to a mean."

Netted, it simply means a little better than the worst and a little worse than the best.

Now! I've spread the whole smear out before you, petty average, mean average, general average, a complete line. Do you see anything you like? Help yourself—won't cost you a cent.

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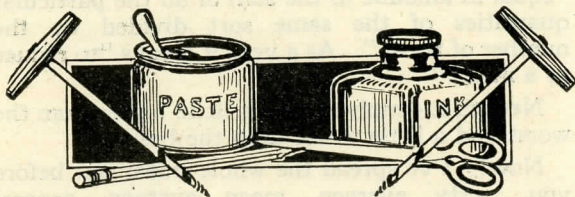
I wonder if some one of my young friends and Gimleteers when he has read this feeble appeal to thought will actually take the sort of inventory I have tried to suggest and will set his young mind to the living task of climbing out of the trench of deadly average into the pure sweet air above. If this should happen—and if as the natural result he should elbow his way into the small, select society of men who have conquered, I wonder if he'll ever look down in the crowded throng of average men and spy out the thick skull and broad shoulders of the plodding old teamster who has this day plead so earnestly with him. And if he does, I wonder if he won't drop a tear of kindly sympathy to the plodder who couldn't climb himself, because he spent his time and strength trying to help others out and up—I wonder!

Anyway, never mind how little I'm worth, the burning question is—

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

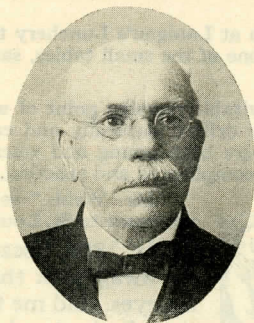
Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.



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FORTY-EIGHT YEARS A HARDWARE MAN



RICHARD WEBB

WHEN it was I first met him would be hard to say. I was a youngster of tender years and tough muscles, working as a helper with one of Shapleigh's teamsters.

We used to unload a good-sized jag of hardware at his store almost every working day of the year. He was a busy man, too busy to bother with checking in wagon deliveries, so he couldn't be expected to remember the Irish lad who only helped.

But I remember him mighty well, as he was then—one of those quick, alert sort of men, always hustling, always cheerful, but always seriously intent upon the affairs of his business.

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In time, he got to know me, first as a teamster, then as a Shapleigh teamster and at length as Mike. We became good friends and for many long, busy years this friendship has continued.

He dropped in at Lanigan's Lunchery to-day and finding me alone at one of the small tables, sat down to cheer my loneliness.

From the inevitable starting point of weather and the state of trade we drifted naturally and easily to the old days when we were both young and when the hardware business was less complicated and exacting.



"Mr. Webb," sez I, "when did you come to St. Louis?"

"In 1868," sez he, and the far away look that came into his eyes, told me that my question had struck a mine of memories.

"Tell me about it, old friend," sez I, "it sure don't seem so long since I first met you."

"That's a fact, Mike," sez he, "time has slipped away so quietly that we're getting old without realizing it.

"I was born and raised in Birmingham, England. My father was a steel man, spent his life in the employ of the old Brades concern, famous all over the world for the fine steel and good tools it produced. In this country it is best known by the bricklayers' trowels that bear its name and that even now are to be found in nearly every hardware stock.

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"Things were different in those days, factory doors weren't barred to visitors, and as my father's son I was freely admitted to every part of the great works. And so it happened that as a mere boy I learned much about steel making. The workmen, seeing my interest, answered my boyish questions, showed me how the fracture, the grain, the color of a bar of steel revealed its quality and composition to the trained eye of the steel worker as readily and easily as bark and leaf tells the woodsman the name of any tree.



"And so, as a boy I became familiar with steel, learned the secrets of temper and the hows and whys and wherefores of the craft that more than any other served to make old England the mistress of the seas.

"All this unconscious vocational training determined my future. I would be a steel salesman, I would travel to the far corners of the earth, I would never be content to tie myself to a bench as my father had done, I would see the world.

"But like other boys, I found my teens passing too slowly. My school-days were brief and in order to learn the ways of trade I was apprenticed to an ironmonger, as the hardware dealers of Birmingham were called.

"In this employment I became much interested. It unfolded to me the many various uses of steel and iron, and by the time I came of age my youthful ambition to become a steel salesman had given place to the desire to be an ironmonger on my own hook.

"So, when my brother-in-law, who had already located in St. Louis, wrote me of the fine opportunities in that far-away city, I took my little

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family and my small savings and made the long journey by sea and land to the dear old town, which has ever since been my home.

"And that is how I happened to settle in St. Louis, more than forty-eight years ago. My first stock of hardware I bought of Mr. A. F. Shapleigh himself. It wouldn't be counted much of a stock nowadays, but was ample for my needs then.

"Mr. Shapleigh, whom I knew well thenceforth, was more than a merchant to me; he was my adviser, my teacher, my friend and his wise counsel more than once helped me over the hard places in my business life.

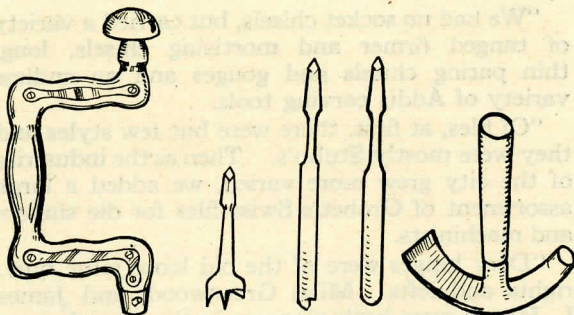
"It was a very different hardware business in those days. My store opened by six o'clock every morning and remained open until the last chance customer at night was served.

"From the very first I catered especially to mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, millwrights, shipbuilders, stone cutters, masons, coopers, and many of the tools they required would appear grotesque to the mechanic of to-day.

Yes I handled Diamond Edge axes from the beginning, and still do—I have never found any others to give such unfailing satisfaction. Indeed, I might say that no other tool in all the forty-eight years has remained so near unchanged as the axe, though the process of its manufacture has been wonderfully improved.

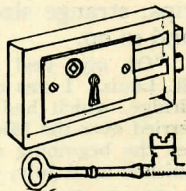
"The bit braces we handled then were made of beechwood and rosewood, brass mounted, and beside those of to-day very awkward. Instead of auger bits, we sold center bits, gouge bits, spoon bits and lip bits, all of which would now be curiosities.

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"I doubt if any hardware clerk under forty years of age would know one cooper's tool from another, millwrights' tools would be just as puzzling, and so would stone cutters' tools.

"Of door locks, we sold one kind, the old wrought iron sort like Robert Lee of Cincinnati, used to make, big, heavy six inch rim locks, right and left handed, one or three tumbler and with a four ounce brass key.



"All shelf goods, even down to tacks, sprigs and screws, were tied in paper packages, neat packages, too, though I hardly believe any young hardware clerk could keep them as tidy as we did.

"Most of the nails I handled were handmade; when we offered cut nails to our trade we found them hard to introduce, though their cheapness soon displaced the handmade sort.

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"We had no socket chisels, but carried a variety of tanged firmer and mortising chisels, long, thin paring chisels and gouges and an endless variety of Addis carving tools.

"Of files, at first, there were but few styles and they were mostly Stubb's. Then as the industries of the city grew more varied, we added a large assortment of Grobet's Swiss files for die sinkers and machinists.

"Door hinges were of the old loose joint type, rights and lefts. Miles Greenwood and James L. Haven were both pioneers in the manufacture of steeple tipped loose pin butts, first plain ones, then ornamental and then, that triumph of art, the japanned ones with nickel plated steeple tips; strange sizes, too, such as $3 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3$, 4×3 , and so on.

"Oh my, yes! I've seen the marvelous growth of St. Louis. I was a spectator at the dedication of Eads Bridge, which had only been begun when I was first ferried over the Mississippi. I went to Bissell's Point to see the beginning of the first water works that wasn't finished until July, 1870."

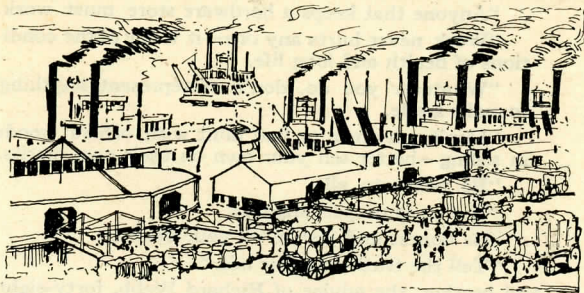
Ah, my dear young Gimleteers, how I wish you might have sat with me at Lanigan's as this hardware man of the old school rolled back the shades of memory and set before me these homely pictures of shop and shelf.

"Out of the fullness of the heart a man speaketh," and so, what wonder that this veteran, having found a sympathetic hearer, should wax eloquent as he spoke of those happy days?

From the contrasting scenes of business customs and of merchandise he drifted aptly to the

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equally contrasting scenes of city growth. He took me down to the old-time steamboat levee;



he peopled it again with the army of roustabouts who sang plantation melodies as they loaded and unloaded the great cargoes of the big fleet of river craft that once crowded the long landing of this prosperous port. He carried me back to the famous Big Mound near which he first located and held me intent whilst he related the story of its removal to make way for the ever-growing city.

He told quaint stories of early merchandising; of adventures in the struggle of supply and demand; of the big business of the reconstruction period; of his simple habits of life; of the unbroken good health he has always been blessed with; of the griefs that have crept into his life; of his patience in adversity; of his gratitude for prosperity.

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And when the clock struck three, warning us both we must return to the duties, almost forgot, he bade me say to you, my dear Gimleteer, these words:

"Anyone that keeps a hardware store must work.

"Work never hurts any one—it is one of the conditions of health and long life.

"Whatever you do, don't misrepresent anything to make a sale.

"Don't run down or find fault with others' goods in selling—better sell your own on their own merits.

"Be polite to all.

"Use no improper language.

"Be honest and just in all your dealings.

"Tell the truth and fear not."

And brother, the advice of Richard Webb, forty-eight years a hardware man, forty-eight years a member of the Tribe of Diamond Edge, is worth heeding.

Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.

*"Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He bears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue's truth well tried, and wise experience."*



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THE REFORMATION OF BILLY DELORME

IF any of the "fellows" had told Billy Delorme that his thirty-third birthday would find him intensely interested in a certain little woman, and that woman the chance acquaintance of an hour, it would not have taken him long to tell them just what he thought of the mental status of any one who would hazard such a prediction, the while assuming that innocent, bland look that somehow always dulled the edge of the funniest joke, leaving it the wreck of the spicy thing it was intended to be.

Not that Billy was a woman hater (far from it) but his attitude to womankind in general was that of sublime indifference. All women looked alike to him, and he was never really sure and he never really cared whether his partner at a supper or dance was a sweet young debutante or a dowager of ample girth and appetite. It was all the same to him, for he was chivalry itself in his attentions, and the lady never failed to declare Billy Delorme "a dear," and wondered why she never saw him again after he had bowed himself out of her presence.

To this young man, women were simply a part of nature's plans, like eating and sleeping and drinking, or like taking medicine and settling bills and drumming up new customers—they were all a part of life, to be considered with due attention, dealt with according to the demands of the moment, and then to be forgotten.

This was Billy Delorme, salesman for a leading wholesale hardware house, and what puzzled the fellows was whether Billy's indifference was real or assumed. He did not seem to realize just what a good-looking, charming

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chap he really was, and it was a constant source of amazement to the "bunch" to see this young man walk indifferently over opportunities for which they would have given a month's salary.

The "fellows," Billy's chums, were of course of that fraternity known as "traveling men," and they were all bachelors and all the best of friends. A happy-go-lucky set they were, giving the same undivided attention to work or play, rejoicing at an unexpected good luck and making the best of a turn down which was no fault of theirs.

They were neither saints or devils, these jolly knights of the grip, but just men of the world, always with one eye open for a flirtation, and just as ready to see with both eyes the need of a troubled woman or a helpless, needy little child.

They could play, without a qualm of conscience, for high stakes, and they could cheerfully gather up the pile of winnings, with their last dollar on top, and turn it over for the relief of some comrade in need, or for some widow or orphan that an hour might bring to their notice. Getting all the fun possible out of life, they went their ways, always rounding up at the end of the month at the Jolly Bachelors' Club, for an experience meeting.

And now, at the beginning of our story, we see Billy Delorme, bachelor, and according to often-made assertion, the most confirmed bachelor of them all, pacing back and forth on the shady side of the "depot" platform with a young woman, and strangest of all, he really seemed to be noticing her as if she were alive. Billy, who was never sure whether a woman was young or old, plain or fair, black or white, was not only talking with a woman, a strange woman, but he looked at her as she talked, as if the wisdom of the gods was falling from her lips.

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They were both waiting for a train, and her train was late, as it usually was, five days out of seven, a fact for which Billy, the man indifferent to women, was giving thanks, and hoping that something might happen that would further delay its coming. He would not even object to a slight wreck, hoping, of course, that there would be no very serious injuries to any concerned, if it would only give him an extra hour with Her.

They had talked of everything almost, and now she was confiding to him that she was on her way to the city where she hoped to secure a most desirable position that a friend had kindly tipped off to her but yesterday. Then, feeling Billy's



eyes upon her as he listened with interest to her confidences, she flushed, and glancing quickly up at him, asked, in a subdued tone, "Do you think it's wrong—I mean, do you think, as so many do, that it is—is not nice for a woman to travel—that is, to be a traveling man?" and she laughed nervously as she awaited his answer.

"Wrong to travel? Why, surely not. Indeed, I think it could be just the thing," enthusiastically. "Do you really mean that you are going on the road as a traveling man?" laughingly using her expression. And as he looked at the slender figure in its trim, blue suit, as he noted the small hands that were obliged to battle for a living, he felt a great wave of pity sweep over him, as he foresaw the struggle, the disappointments, the shattered illusions that would surely be hers, as she rubbed up against the sharp corners of life.

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She hesitated a moment, a tiny wrinkle forming itself between the soft, brown eyes.

"Why, you see, there is nothing certain about it. There is to be a place, and very soon, if—if—" and she stopped, catching her breath in a queer little way that made Billy gaze at her in a puzzled manner. "There is to be a place for me, if—if the other fellow loses it," with a quizzical smile. "This other fellow, who is traveling for the firm, has been giving them quite a bit of trouble lately by his careless ways, and they are much dissatisfied. They think that he does not try to work up the business as he ought, and it has come to the ears of the chief that the man gambles, and naturally he does not approve of that.

"So, if he does not improve, and very soon, he is to lose his position, and I am going to try and get it. I understand that they have had women in their employ before, and I hope—well, I don't want the other fellow to lose his job, of course, yet I do need work, and I shall try for it, anyway. Do you think I am awfully wicked because I sometimes can't help wishing that Mr. Delorme may have to give place to me?" with an anxious glance at her companion. "What—"

She went no further, for Billy had stopped, as if never to move again, looking at her in blank astonishment. "Well, I'll be—" he began, and then he came to himself, with the dazed look of one who had received a knock-out blow and did not know from where it came. "What did you say the fellow's name is?"

"Delorme, I think—yes, I am sure, for I remember thinking what a pretty name it is—"Delorme," she

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repeated is such a soft, caressing tone as made Billy long to plump down on his knees and ask her to share that name with him.

But he did not do this; instead, he gazed at her intently, with a tightening of the firm lips, saying slowly, as if measuring each word, "and so, if this bad man does not reform, and reform might sudden, he is to lose his head? Is that it?"

Unconsciously he had assumed a rather threatening attitude, and his voice sounded stern and cold as that of a judge on the bench. The girl looked at him in a frightened manner, the quick color coming and going in the softly rounded cheeks.

"Do you know him? Is he your friend? O, I am so sorry—" and the broken little sentences ended in something that sounded like a sob.

"Why-ee, yes, I know him, slightly—not so well as I might, however, and as to being his friend—well, that depends," and he nodded sagely.

Just as she was about to speak, the hoarse whistle of the belated train was heard, and she hurriedly turned away to where her light luggage was resting, preparatory to beginning the journey that meant so much to her.

She reached out a soft, white and ringless hand to Billy, who clasped it with more fervor than was really necessary, considering that it was but two hours since he was first made aware of her existence.

"Good-bye, Mr. — Mr. —"
and the swift color mounted to her brow, as she remembered



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that she did not know the name of the man who had proved such an interesting companion, and to whom she had so freely confided her plans.

"Williams," supplemented Billy, blandly, "at your service," with a tip of the white hat, and bowing over the small white hand that again offered itself in farewell, and that some way had to exert itself to be freed from that strong clasp.

At the door of the car she turned, and with a shy smile, asked in a low tone, "Will you wish me good luck, Mr. Williams?"

"With all my heart," and "Mr. Williams" smiled into the rosy face, then stood watching the slender figure as it passed into the car, not changing his position until the train had vanished in the distance, bearing away the little woman with wistful brown eyes and sweet, girlish face set round with tendrils of soft, golden-brown hair—the only woman who had ever gained the slightest hold on the unimpressible Billy.

The train, rumbling away toward the horizon, left the lone watcher with a strange feeling of discontent that was uncommon to him, and he again began to pace the platform, his arms behind his back, a frown marring the broad, white brow, a cynical smile at times curving his lips.

"And so the boss heard of that little game, did he? Well, I know where to lay the blame for that, all right (on the fat shoulders of Mr. Jimmy Terrill) the cur. It was some game, to be sure, with no limit but the roof, but the only one to squeal was Jimmy, who whined that he was cheated. He must have gone straight to the boss with the story of our high jinks, not mentioning

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that he was one of the crowd, neither mentioning that the money, every dollar of it, went to that little widow of Mullin's and her five children."

"And I don't seem to be drumming up enough business for the house. Score another point for Jimmy, who has a far better territory than I, who was given this dead-and-buried country to work up a business in, although I give the firm credit for making it up in a better salary than Jimmy has. Want my place, Jimmy boy—is that it? Of course, you could soon resurrect the dead business with your wonderful capacity for making sales, even of blue sky and gold bricks and Government buildings to the verdant jays from the country. Well, you won't get my place, if I know myself, for, if I do lose out, there is some one else ahead of you," and he smiled as he gazed into the distance where the black smoke of the train that had just left lay against the sky in an inky cloud.

At last the lonely waiting came to an end, as his train rumbled in, and he once more was headed for the world of commerce and competition and strife—the world that knew no friendship, where judgment was not often tempered with mercy, and whose code was summed up in the one word *business*.

It was a rather dejected Billy who prepared to make himself comfortable in the swaying, jolting accommodation train that fell to his lot so often in making towns in the lonely and sparsely settled territory that had been given to him to cover.

The old interest in his work had, somehow, vanished, for Billy, Jimmy Terrill to the contrary, was a conscientious worker for his house, and did all that any one seemingly could do to make sales. And now, in spite of it all, he was down

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and out, and he must look up another job. He could not help feeling a little spasm of regret that he was so soon to drop out of the place to which he had grown accustomed, but, whether he could smooth matters with the house or not, Billy was decided in one thing—that he would make a place for the little woman who needed it worse than he did.

To-night he was to meet the boys, including Jimmy, at the end of the run, for it was agreed to by all of the bunch to make every effort to reach Bacon City for the over Sunday stop. This place was the Mecca of all the traveling men, and you, who have been of that fraternity, know just what that means.

And, as all his fat was in the fire, anyhow, he was determined to have the time of his life with the boys that night. It would be a sort of farewell, with no limit to anything, and if Jimmy Terrill hoped to have anything to add to his former report, he, Billy, was there to help him out.

Ten days later, the culprit was face to face with the head of the firm, holding in his hand the last check he would ever receive from that house. The charges that led to his dismissal had been repeated to him, and he had not denied them, to the surprise and also the secret regret of the boss, who really liked the scamp, and would have been willing to forgive, if he had received any encouragement whatever, that the offense would not be repeated. But the pledge was not forthcoming, and Ezra Perkins was wondering how he could have ever been so mistaken in a man as he had been in Delorme.



"Well, good-bye, Delorme," holding out a fat, pudgy hand on which a seal ring stood out con-

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spicuously. "I am sorry, of course, but business is business, you know, and we cannot, as a respectable house, countenance such habits as you are possessed of, for all our men must be moral—at least, their immorality must not reflect on our house, or be the means of our losing out on account of it. But," with a smile, "I am very sure your successor will not give us any trouble along this line."

"My *successor*?" and Billy looked straight into the eyes of the one-time boss. "O, yes, of course. But would it be too much to ask the name of the fellow who is to take my place? Just curiosity, you know."

The chief laughed. "The 'fellow' happens to be a young lady—a Miss Helen Prentiss. Yes, I say a *lady* with all assurance, for I have always prided myself on being a good judge of the fair sex," with a smirk that made Billy long to plant a punch where it would do the most good.

"A real lady, which, of course, I am not," with a wry smile. The boss met that smile with another that might mean anything, but no more was said, and Billy, with a curt "good afternoon," left the place that was to know him no more.

So the little girl had won, and he had helped her, although she did not guess it. There was no doubt of its being the same little lady of the wayside station, for he had been clever enough to read the name on the suitcase as he carried it into the car.

For a man who had just lost his job, Billy was singularly cheerful as he made his way down the street, smiling as he pictured her feelings on

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learning the identity of the "Mr. Williams" whose disreputable habits had caused his downfall. What would she say if—when they met again? For Billy had decided that the acquaintance begun such a short time before should not end here, and with that young gentleman, to decide that he wanted a thing and to get it, was one and the same.

And he laughed out loud, as he wondered what the fellows would say if they should find out about his fall from grace. Well, he didn't care what they thought, for it is a free country, and he was just as independent now, as ever.

But he found out what they thought, shortly after they had received the engraved cards announcing the "at home" of Mr. and Mrs. William Hereward Delorme.

—*Florence Jones Hadley.*

THE WORLD APART

One there was who prayed that he might build
For me a stately palace, fine and fair,
That, with him, I might all its splendors share
And deck its ample chambers as I willed.
For me, he would have many wildlings killed
To show me forth in furs and feathers rare;
They told me—friends—that if I chanced to care
My jewel caskets would be richly filled.

That was so long ago—and now your arms
Are sturdy palace walls for me, in truth.
My silken garment which no evil harms
Is wrought from your dear tenderness and youth;
And jewels, finer than the merchants sell,
Are mine—do I not wear your kisses well?

—*Angie Ousley.*

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THE TRAVELING MAN

Off the train he hops at daybreak with a grip in either hand.
With a stomach mighty empty and a wish for slumberland;
But he never makes a whimper as he hops into the bus.
For he laughs at real discomforts that would bring the tears from us—
Ever laughs the traveling salesman, and his laughs ring loud and sweet
To the poor old stranded actor or the beggar on the streets.
Just because the salesman helps them to their breakfast and their fare,
Even though it takes a greenback he can ill afford to spare.

On the train he hops at midnight, and when dawn has come again
You can see him swinging blithely from the cold and dreary train.
Just another round of calling, taking orders in a town—
Orders that he thinks are corks—
that the credit man turns down.
Just another round of hustling, just a ten-mile drive or two,
When the wind is full of winter and his hands are numb and blue;
Far from home and good home cooking, far from baby and wife—
You can bet it takes a hero to endure a salesman's life!
But with all his cares and hardships, when he creeps to bed alone,
In some little country roadhouse, when the cold would freeze a stone,
With the same old smile he slumbers, for inside his watch's case
Is the photo of a wife and a dimpled baby face.

—*Author Unknown.*

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THE PRODIGAL GIRL

We all have a heart for the prodigal boy
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the prodigal girl?
For the prodigal boy there's an open door
And a father's bounteous fare,
And though he's wretched, sick and poor,
He is sure of a welcome there.

But what of the girl who has gone astray,
Who has lost the battle with sin?
Say, do we forgive in the same sweet way
We've always forgiven him?
Does the door stand ajar as if to say:
"Come, enter, you need not fear;
I've been open since you went away,
Now close to the second year?"

Or do we, with hand of hellish pride,
Close and bolt the door,
And swear, "while heaven and earth abide
She will enter here no more?"
Oh, Christ! it seems we have never learned
The lesson taught in the sand,
For even yet the woman is spurned
And stoned in a Christian land.

Down into the slough we hurl her back
Then turn around with a smile,
And welcome the boy from the sinful track,
Though he may have been more vile.
We all have a heart for the prodigal boy
Who was caught in sin's mad whirl,
And we welcome him back with songs of joy;
But what of the prodigal girl?

Author Unknown.

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ONE UNPAID BILL

By Will H. Greenfield

SYLVESTER FLITCRAFT retired early to dwell, perchance to dream, upon the happiness that had come to him. It was a torrid, gluey August night and in a house nearby a counterfeit tenor was essaying a popular ballad in a voice like the gurgle of a fading bath; but he wanted to be alone with his thoughts, which were marvelously pleasant.

Ernestine Christy had promised to be his wife. So farewell to the daily grind of an ill-paid bookkeeper, and hail to a life of ease and affluence! For his bride-to-be had inherited a fortune of \$75,000 and from more than a score of persistent suitors had selected him to be her partner in the holy bonds of matrimony. For many long, weary years Sylvester had plodded through life in sorely-tried, but unconquerable rectitude. He had not managed to save a great deal because he scrupulously paid his debts. His reputation for honesty was as white as the wings of the sacred birds of the Nile.



Sylvester never did any of the things he couldn't afford to do; he was openly and unashamedly cut to the conventional pattern of the honest man. He held the quaint notion that the one thing more shameful than dodging a debt was the ability to contract one. It was almost solely for this reason that Ernestine singled him out from a horde of more or less mercenary besiegers. Sylvester caught her eye as the sparkle of the diamond catches the light—without conscious effort.

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True, Ernestine was not beautiful, unless a spare, wispy young woman with a sharp face and flat chest could pretend to pulchritude; but neither could Sylvester be called an Apollo. He was inclined to the stoutness of middle age, his hair was thin and his mustache unkempt; but he had the flickering smile of inherent geniality and an elusive aroma of quiet, reserved strength. Ernestine came, saw, appreciated, and his days as a bachelor were plainly numbered.

With a strange admixture of peace and joy in his heart, Sylvester could not then immediately find sleep. The alleged nocturnal silence was broken by a regular sequence of noises. The warning barks of automobile horns; the brazen clang of trolley gongs; loud laughter and gay conversation; the slamming of street doors; all came through the open window. And, just as Sylvester was slipping into a doze, something substantial followed the noises of the night through the window.

It was a man; and quite a goodly chunk of a man at that. Sylvester could not see his face, for that was masked, but from the bulk that momentarily blotted out the starlight from the window and the cat-like manner in which the intruder dropped to the floor, he knew he was big as well as supple. He knew also that his unwelcome visitor was athletic, for as he moved about his every movement suggested physical and nervous strength and poise.

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Sylvester was not a coward, but when the burglar, suddenly discovering him to be awake, moved swiftly to his bedside and thrust a revolver against his right cheek, he could not suppress a shiver of fear.

"D-d-d-o-o-d-o-don't shoo-oot!" stuttered Sylvester. This sudden call to confront a situation he had never anticipated stretched his nerves to attenuation.

"Shut up!" commended the masked man. He hissed, in the most approved style, of course, and was every inch the uncongenial interloper. He neglected, however, to say that in the absence of money he would take a life; he merely stated in a firm, business-like undertone that he would take Sylvester's pocketbook and whatever else of value that the owner's brief instructions would permit him to unearth.

As his uninvited guest particularly stressed the necessity of haste and verity, Sylvester very sensibly concluded that any attempt at deception or procrastination would be followed by disastrous consequences to himself. So he told the burglar where he would find his watch and pocketbook, truthfully averred that he possessed nothing else worth while, and in less than five minutes had the profound satisfaction and immeasurable relief of seeing his visitor depart the way he had come, with just one little admonitory flourish of his revolver.

The robbery was duly reported to the police next morning. Sylvester stated the extent of his money loss accurately as being \$3.65 and experienced a sudden, novel



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distaste for reporters when the afternoon newspapers placed the amount at \$30.00. He called at the newspaper offices to correct the error, but his reluctance to furnish a photograph of himself was pronounced far out of the common; mystifying, not to say suspicious. Sylvester left with his object unachieved because several newspaper sleuths evinced a strong inclination to detain him as a suspicious character.

"My dear," said Ernestine that evening, "I was very sorry to read of your loss and know, of course, that you cannot very well afford to lose such a tidy little sum."

"I cannot afford to lose any sum, however small, honey bunch," returned Sylvester; "but the newspapers increased the amount stolen. I did lose my watch, but only \$3.65 in cash was taken. It was all the ready change I had."

"Few men would take the trouble to correct such a mistake," said Ernestine admiringly. "You are always my honest, truthful Syl. I shall have no hesitancy in placing my little fortune in your hands when we are married. Whatever business you decide to enter, my dear, is bound to yield you very handsome profits. Such honesty and straightforwardness as yours never goes without its reward. Never!"

Sylvester's face was joy-struck, and Ernestine took his hand without further words. When she looked adoringly into his steadfast eyes she knew that subtle satisfaction of being understood without speaking. Here was a hero who had never cut a lame figure in even the smallest routine matters of everyday life; a simple-hearted man, who had realized all his expectations because he had never

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expected much. Why shouldn't she grapple him to her soul with hooks of steel?

The same thought pervaded Sylvester's mind when he left her, hugely elated that his honest impulses found such high favor in her eyes. Quiet, deferential, modest to a most reprehensible degree, he had distanced more brilliant competitors in the race for her hand; with nothing but his invincible honesty to recommend him he slid away from them all like a launched ship from its stays.

Sylvester Flitcraft walked home under an apple-green sky, his heart a-singing. He was to resign his position, wind up his affairs as a bachelor, and prepare for the wedding. He could not help feeling that he was taking a pitiless advantage of fate in thus casting off her thrall-

dom.

Glancing through his mail a few hours later he found a surprise in the shape of a bill that read, merely:

*Balance due Gray & Gibbons,
\$26.35.*

Please be ready for our collector when he calls.



Now Sylvester had very few accounts with any firm, and these were always promptly liquidated. After his landlady, his paper carrier, his tailor and the restaurant at which he took his meals had been attended to, he searched his mind for a Gray & Gibbons, but could recall no one of that name.

Returning from a short stroll after supper that evening, Sylvester was handed another bill by a man who waited for him in the hall.

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"I'm from Gray & Gibbons," said the man.
"Ready to settle now?"



"I pay my bills promptly," he said, with a little warmth. "You are the first bill collector that has ever invaded this house on my account. I can't remember opening an account with Gray & Gibbons, but I shall give the matter my best attention. I have never cheated a living soul in

my life."

"Then don't begin on Gray & Gibbons," said the man roughly. "They won't stand for it."

Several nights later, Sylvester escorted Ernestine to the theatre. At the end of the performance, as Sylvester was handing his prospective bride to her car he turned to give the chauffeur a few requisite instructions, and came face to face with the slit-eyed, stone-faced man from Gray & Gibbons.

"From Gray & Gibbons, sir," said the man tonelessly. "About that little matter of \$26.35. It's a very small bill, sir."



Sylvester's gorge rose.

"Of all the impudence—" he began, when Ernestine, sweetly interposed with: "I'll excuse you, dear. I know your desire to have all such matters promptly disposed of. Pray, don't mind me."

Sylvester leaped into the car, snapped the door after him, and told the chauffeur to drive on in a voice he scarcely recognized as his own.

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"My dear Sylvester," said Ernestine softly, "I don't want to think that you are falling into slipshod habits at this late date. The poor man seemed perfectly dumbfounded by your actions."

"I share his stupefaction," murmured Sylvester apologetically. "It is a bill I do not recall, however, and it vexed me to have him approach me at such a time and place."

"I should pay it, dear, if I were you. The amount is not very great."

And Sylvester, who believed negligence of this sort was criminal, whether or not it is so definable in law, promised that he would.

The next day being Sunday, the betrothed couple attended church. Sylvester wore his new frock coat in honor of the occasion and Ernestine was gorgeous in a gown of deep emerald velvet flowered in vivid cerise. They occupied a front pew and were the cynosure of all eyes.

The preacher spoke eloquently to a large congregation. The worshipers sat in reverential silence while the fretted vaults above resounded with the eloquence of faith.

Of a sudden a huge, heavy-lidded, granite-faced man strode up the aisle with upraised hand, and when the astounded preacher paused at his approach, stopped dead in his tracks and cried:

"Is Sylvester Flitcraft here?"



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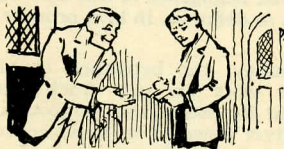
The congregation sensed a tragedy, and Sylvester was the target for a battery of commiserating glances as he arose.

"What is wanted?" he asked, turning slowly round.

"The small sum of \$26.35, sir," was the calm rejoinder. "From Gray & Gibbons, sir. A very small bill, but it will wait no longer, sir."

It didn't. Speechless with indignation, Sylvester hopped out of his pew and dragged the big man back into the vestry.

"This is outrageous, man!" he grasped. "I'll pay the bill, but I don't owe it. As I hope for heaven, I don't owe Gray & Gibbons one cent!"



"The hell you don't!" was the blasphemous reply. "The time I got you for your watch and \$3.65 you

told the papers I got \$30, and my partner made me share up accordingly. I'm Gray. He's Gibbons. Now make good that \$26.35!"

Whereat Sylvester gasped again—and paid!

The measure of your quality is gauged by your ability to take out of your criticising the sting which it is likely to hold and make it take on the guise of friendly guidance or loving example.

The measure of your poise lies in your individual capacity to take serenely any criticism whatsoever and to assimilate quietly any part of it which may be worth while.

Blessed is that man who can take any degree of what the bickersome call criticism and yet not know it as such, or give it constructively without its being considered so.

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WHO I AM

By George M. Rittelmeyer.

I am the friend of every retail hardware dealer.

I come to you once a month and bring you inspiration and pleasure.

I cost you a trifle, and yet my value to you cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

I help you increase your profits by giving you good, sound helpful advice.

I spell Opportunity to those who are anxious to build up a larger and better business.

I am always interesting and in me you will always find something worth reading.

In my pages you will find instructive stories and valuable articles dealing with the problems you encounter daily in your store.

If you throw me into the waste basket without taking the time to go through me carefully, you may have cause to regret it some time in the future.

I give much and ask nothing in return except that you read me.

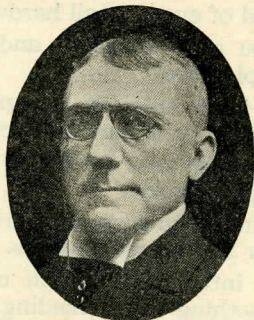
I AM THE GIMLET.

By the way, brother, are you a regular subscriber?

M. K.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

YOUR FRIEND AND MINE



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

He doth but sleep! Although his eyes
Are folded down in dreamless rest:
He lives in all the children's hearts—
Who loved and understood them best.

We bring no laurel for his fame,
No stately stone to count his years—
Just roses, red and honey-sweet,
Bedewed afresh with children's tears.
—B. R. Stevens.

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LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In words of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good be said!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HIS BEQUEST

The rose is a little less fair,
The sunshine is not quite so gold.
There's regret in the air
And a sigh everywhere
And the lily bells softly are tolled.

The raggedy man is so sad;
Orphant Annie has wept her to sleep;
But we'll try to be glad
For the songs that we've had
And his sweetness of heart we may keep.

—B. R. Stevens.

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WHAT SORT OF A FELLOW ARE YOU?

Why censure, condemn, or e'en criticise
The faults you may see in another?
Just take out the beam found in your own eye,
Then the mote will leave that of your brother.
You talk of his weaknesses, follies and sins;
He has them—that is doubtless too true,
But here is a question I'd like to propound,
What sort of a fellow are YOU?

Do you hug to yourself the delusion absurd
That in you perfection is found?
Do you think yourself faultless? You know you are not;
Then why pull the other man down?
It will keep you quite busy safeguarding your thoughts,
Without troubling what others may do.
You'll agree that it will, knowing others will ask,
What sort of a fellow are YOU?

Oh, the sins and the follies we find in ourselves;
Then why should we censure our brothers?
Though they have their weaknesses, many of them,
In ourselves we shall find there are others.
Look not for the man who possesses no faults,
For we all have them, many or few;
When condemning another don't forget 'twill be asked,
What sort of a fellow are YOU?

—DeWitt McMurray.

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THE MAGIC WAND

By Manning J. Rubin

DO you recollect that classic literature you used to read in your childhood days? Do you recall that fairy godmother who used to wave that magic wand of hers and thereby create sensations? Just a wee flirt of her instrument and she would accomplish more than an aspirant for a political office says he could.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you that the Bountiful Lady Nature is humanity's fairy godmother? She is—truly. And she has given each of us a magic wand. She placed it in the top story. That magic wand is your BRAIN, which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred possess.

The only rule governing the wand is that, to change things into gold, you must use it properly. It produces royally when you handle it correctly. You should use the darkened end of it, usually known as Gray Matter.

Apply that Gray Matter to your acts, to every bit of work you do, and you'll be astonished at the miracles that miraculate all of a sudden. A sensible touch of the wand will change an M4 rating to Aa-1, and do other such prosperous things.

Constantly touch your talking apparatus with the wand; use it to stir your initiative and energy; whip your ambition into shape with it. Let it accompany you in your recreation as well as in your office. Everybody from the star salesman down to the Boss can use his wand to great advantage.

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When you think, talk, perform, write, or hope—let the wand wave perpetually before you. It's worth the effort. After you wave it considerably it begins to wave itself instinctively. When that happens the world calls you a success, and generally you are. Just co-operate with it everlastingly.

And when you touch anything with the wand and it effects nothing don't break it and revile it or the dear old fairy godmother. Keep on touching—hit, if necessary; pound. It'll work eventually. Just handle it properly, and it'll change what it touches into gold, into achievement, progress, success.

Take care of the precious wand. And long may it wave.

PIPES

Pipes are connected with sinks, bath tubs, boilers, furnaces, reservoirs, gas jets, organs and mouths.

Every man has a large number of pipes—even that almost man who considers smoking immoral. Considering smoking immoral is one of his pipes. He also has pipes of an anatomical nature, but we will occlude the sesquipedalian difficulties of an enumeration of their technical names.

Pipes are put in buildings for the convenience of inmates and for the profit of plumbers.

Disordered pipes are quite common, but if a man loses sight of the fact that there are plenty of sound pipes, probably he does not go to church often enough, or else he has never heard a Scotch band.

Cellars are full of pipes. Many a man has pipes in his house but has to go down cellar if he wants to smoke them.

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YOUR BOSS, JAMES!

Certainly you are right, James. Your boss is the meanest man alive. You have never seen him do anything that the office boy couldn't do. He hasn't got brains enough to think, and he is forever looking at you while you are occupied with your duties. No wonder you are peeved. It's enough to make anyone sore to be continually spied upon by a lazy boss. He is so low down in the social scale that you would hesitate to appear on the street with him. He hasn't even got a sense of honor. When you accepted your position you were made to understand that your salary would be increased, and you didn't get a raise yet. He doesn't even show courtesy to the people that must do business with him. His chief occupation seems to be newspaper reading. He shouts into the telephone like a dynamite explosion, and glares at the stenographers with the ferocity of a Kaffir. The other day you detected the odor of liquor on his breath, and you know several other things that you do not care to repeat.

Did I omit anything, James?

Strange, isn't it, that he still has so many friends? And the stockholders must have been fools to place him at the head of the business? Yes, James, I sympathize with you and would advise you to look for another position, because some day the boss might get an idea that you have very tender thoughts of him.

—*Ralph H. Butz.*

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

—*Whately.*

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ON SELF-RELIANCE

"Grrrr-Rrrrr!" the merchant growled, and rose
And struck a fists-to-Heaven pose—
"Arrrh-Harrhh! What in the double-L,
And in the double-Aitch as well,
Is this blanked business coming to?
What shall I do? What shall I do?
What shall I do? What shall I—Say,
What shall I do (Owww!), anyway?"

He calmed, and to his clerk he said:
"Now, son, I haven't lost my head.
And if I had, how fit 'twould be!
You've brought such matters up to me
Two dozen times this blessed morn
As wouldn't feaze a babe new-born.
That's how you'd act if, in my place,
You tried to keep an angel face.

"I've ten just like you in this store—
I hope I need to say no more.
Don't class with such slope-shouldered dubs
As make me proud of common tubs
For boasting bottoms of their own,
And standing on 'em. Stand alone!
Think for yourself. Use common sense.
You've got it. Start! Begin! Commence!"

—*Louis Schneider.*

Poverty, like heat, motion and neutrality, is a relative term. Yesterday the man who owned but a nickel was considered poor; to-day the man with a paltry hundred thousand is poor when compared to the one who possesses fifty or a hundred millions. Is it possible that to-morrow the man with a million will be groveling in poverty beside the trillionaire?

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

LOST MOTION

There is a large amount of lost motion these days in executive departments and much of it is due to too much talk. Jaw motion, like the movement of the sea waves cannot be turned into harnessed power.

That important sounding word, "Conference," covers a multitude of conversations where unimportant matters are given over much consideration by men who outside pride themselves on their ability to make quick decisions.

Why not talk to the point and stop? Or if consideration and thought are necessary, let the matter season and come back to it later.

It certainly is not good economy to keep half a dozen of the highest priced men in a concern sitting all day in a fog of tobacco smoke, saying the same things over and over again in a hundred different ways, and arriving at a conclusion no different from that which would have been reached after a half hour of concentrated thought.

Some subjects require to be threshed out and threshing is all right as a means of separating the grain from the straw, but too much threshing will spoil even the straw.

"Busy in conference" is coming to have a sound a good deal like a bluff to many men. It makes one suspicious of an effort to give an appearance of importance to one's affairs. It is suggestive of hundred dollar luncheons to discuss thirty dollar propositions. It reeks of long journeys on extra fare trains with nothing to show for them but day coach results.

It is time to leave the term "Conference" to the busy acting, important feeling fellows, and devise some new expression to cover the meetings of men who get together for earnest, hard-working discussion of matters of real rather than of imaginary importance. It is time for the high priced business man to cast off the spell that "Conference" has put upon him. What we want is not more conference, but less "con", less buncombe, less lost motion.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG

There may be virtue in the man
Who's always sure he's right,
Who'll never hear another's plan
And seeks no further light;
But I like more the chap who sings
A somewhat different song;
Who says, when he has messed up things,
"I'm sorry; I was wrong."

It's hard for anyone to say
That failure's due to him—
That he has lost the fight or way
Because his lights burned dim.
It takes a man aside to throw
The vanity that's strong,
Confessing, "'Twas my fault, I know;
I'm sorry; I was wrong."

And so, I figure, those who use
This honest, manly phrase,
Hate it too much their way to lose
On many future days.
They'll keep the path and make the fight,
Because they do not long
To have to say—when they're not right—
"I'm sorry; I was wrong."

—Selected.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

ONLY ONE KIND OF FAILURE

There is but one kind of failure—moral failure.

The achievement of success has no standard gauge of measurement. What may be a simple calling may be crowned with success, although it may not be fraught with great remuneration.

If there were a set rule, by following which we might be sure to achieve our ambitions, there would be no such thing as failure.

But, as it is, everyone is required to be his own architect and he must devise means by which to accomplish his life work.

All that exists as common property are certain acknowledged principles of morality, industry and character-building, which successful architects of fate must use. It is difficult to understand the limitations of our fellow man. How often are we agreeably surprised by the success of one we considered dull and stupid!

The brilliant man in college, on the other hand, is not always the successful one afterwards.

A great many men on graduation from college and receiving their diplomas seem to be under the impression that the world owes them a living and expect to step immediately into comfortable berths.

The only real failure lies in failing to make the best of one's opportunities, whatever they may be.—*Danville (Ill.) Press.*

Every time you do a thing, or even try to do a thing, a little bit better than it had ever been done before, it virtually amounts to a criticism of the way in which others have been doing that same thing.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

ALL THINGS EXCEPT MYSELF I KNOW.

I know when milk does flies contain;
I know men by their bravery;
I know fair days from storm and rain;
And what fruit apple-trees supply;
And from their gums the trees descry;
I know when all things smoothly flow;
I know who toil or idle lie;
All things except myself I know.

I know the doublet by the grain;
The monk beneath the hood can spy;
Master from man can ascertain;
I know the nun's veiled modesty;
I know when sportsmen fables ply;
Know fools who creams and dainties stow;
Wine from the butt, I certify;
All things except myself I know.

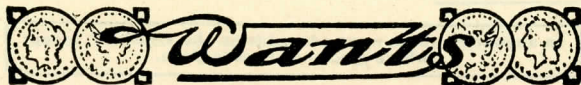
Know horse from mule by tail and mane;
I know their worth or high or low;
Belle, Beatrice, I know the twain;
I know each chance of cards and die;
I know what visions prophesy;
Bohemian heresies, I trow;
I know men of each quality;
All things except myself I know.

Envoy

Prince, I know all things 'neath the sky,
Pale cheeks from those of rosy glow;
I know death whence can no man fly;
All things except myself I know.

—*Francois Villon.*

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



In answering these want ads, address the GIMLET, except where special address is given.

FOR SALE.

In a central Indiana town of 6000 inhabitants, a \$20,000.00 stock of Hardware, Stoves, Implements, Plumbing and Heating Goods. On three railroads (a division point) good schools and churches and a splendid farming section. Sales run from \$65,000.00 to \$75,000.00 annually. Will reserve plumbing and heating stock, if desired.

\$2,500.00 stock of Hardware, Furniture, Coffins, etc., for sale in a good Florida town. Merchant compelled to sell out on account of sickness in family. A spot cash transaction and well worth investigation.

In one of the best towns in Ohio, a \$6,000.00 stock of Builders' Hardware, Glass, Paints, etc., also general Hardware. Terms, cash or good security.

A five to six thousand dollar stock of Hardware, etc., for sale in a good business town, not far from St. Louis. Owner wants to retire and will sell the stock for cash—rent building for \$75.00 per year. Building 45x25 feet, with good warehouse and basement.

In a good Iowa town of 1,200 inhabitants, an \$8,000.00 stock of Shelf and Heavy Hardware. Good building and good location and stock all clean and in good shape. Only two hardware stores in the town.

In a good Northwestern Missouri town, a \$3,500.00 stock of Hardware, Plumbing and Heating Goods, Pumps, etc. Rental of building, \$35.00 per month. Modern building and has been a hardware stand for 20 years. Annual sales run from \$14,000.00 to \$16,000.00; good churches, schools, both grade and high schools and also good public library.

A \$2,500.00 stock of Hardware and Fixtures for sale in a good Mississippi town. Best stand in the town and a well established business. Death of owner reason for wanting to sell.

In a county seat town in Arkansas, 1,000 population, a \$22,000.00 stock of Hardware, etc. Will sell or lease building to purchaser. An excellent opportunity and worth investigation.

In a good Oklahoma town, a \$5,500.00 stock of Hardware, Vehicles, Implements, etc., which can be bought at an exceptional bargain.

Stock of \$14,000.00 to \$15,000.00 in a good Texas town. Owner making money but wishes to sell as he is preparing to enter another line of business.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"

The Gimlet

In answering these want ads, address the GIMLET, except where special address is given.

FOR SALE—Continued.

In one of the best locations in North Dakota, a \$12,000.00 stock of Hardware, etc., 2 lots 50x125 and building worth \$11,000.00; Fixtures \$2,500.00. Terms \$15,000.00 cash, balance on time. Sales in 1915, \$48,000.00. County seat town and in a good farming country.

In a good Iowa town, stock of Hardware, Implements, etc., doing a \$40,000.00 business in a county seat town. Everything modern, paved streets, etc. Stock will invoice between ten and eleven thousand dollars.

\$5,000.00 stock of Hardware for sale in a good Nebraska town. Warren Shelving and Cases, etc., which go with the building and not be necessary to purchase same.

In most aggressive Texas city, a clean stock of Hardware, no junk, no dead stock. Warren's store Fixtures; bought right, will sell right. Established four years. Splendid opportunity for men with sufficient capital. Reason for selling, not enough money to meet the demand for additional lines.

PARTNER WANTED.

Experienced man with from four to five thousand dollars, to invest and take active part in hardware business in a large Texas city. Fine opportunity for the right man. Established four years.

Mississippi Hardware concern desires to take in a partner who can invest from three to five thousand. A good paying business but need more capital to handle same.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

A splendid Iowa town, 6,000 population, with lots of coal miners within trading district. Five railroads and three interurban railroads coming into the town. Only has two hardware stores and is considered an excellent opening for another stock. Store building and fixtures can be secured at a reasonable price.

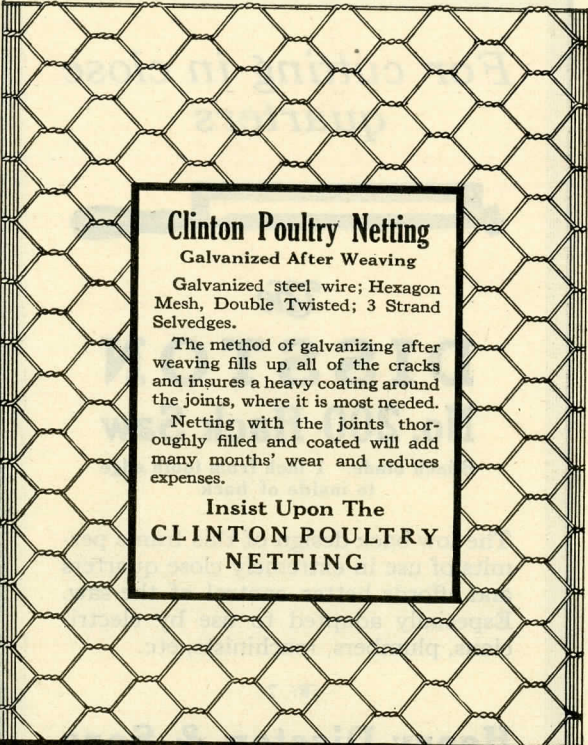
A good opportunity for any one experienced in the Undertaking business to take over a stock in a good Kansas town and combine same with the hardware merchant's stock there, who will continue to look after the hardware portion of the business.

POSITION WANTED.

Party 29 years old, with ten years' experience in the Hardware business, desires a position as buyer or assistant manager of some good hardware concern. Idaho, Montana or Washington preferred.

Party, with six years' experience in the retail business, also experienced as window trimmer and general office work, desires a position with some good concern. North or west preferred.

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



Clinton Poultry Netting

Galvanized After Weaving

Galvanized steel wire; Hexagon Mesh, Double Twisted; 3 Strand Selvages.

The method of galvanizing after weaving fills up all of the cracks and insures a heavy coating around the joints, where it is most needed.

Netting with the joints thoroughly filled and coated will add many months' wear and reduces expenses.

Insist Upon The
**CLINTON POULTRY
NETTING**

Clinton Wire Cloth Co.
Clinton, Mass.

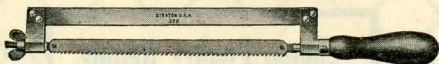
Boston

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

*For cutting in close
quarters*



The
DISSTON
No. 200 Hack Saw

8-inch blade. 1 inch from tooth edge
to inside of back

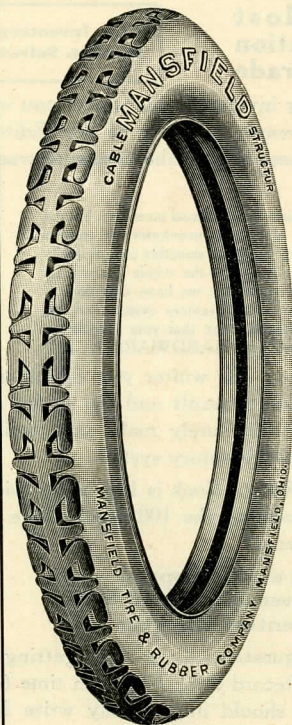
The low back design of this frame permits of use in extremely close quarters and affords better control of the saw. Especially adapted to use by electricians, plumbers, machinists, etc.



Henry Disston & Sons

(Incorporated)

Philadelphia, U. S. A.



Mansfield Tires

Cable Structure

4,000 MILE
GUARANTEE

*The hand-built tire
for mileage. More
miles per dollar than
any tire made.*

Send for catalog, complete description and prices.

Everywhere *Mansfield Tires* are giving *entire satisfaction*. Careful hand building wins.

Write for our exclusive agency proposition. Live dealers wanted in every town.

Mansfield Tire & Rubber Company
Mansfield, Ohio

Roy F. Soule's Most Important Contribution To the Hardware Trade

**Your Inventory
Problem Solved**

When you are taking your inventory this winter you will have good and sufficient reason to write to our Editor, Roy F. Soule, about his latest help to the hardware trade, and say—

"Roy, we are now in the midst of our annual inventory, but the confusion and the drudgery of former inventories are entirely absent. The work is running along as smoothly and as easily as a ball-bearing axle. In a few days the whole job will be finished—quicker, better and easier than we have ever done it before, and it is all due to your inventory system and the Hardware Age Inventory Record Book that your Circulation Manager sent us complimentary with HARDWARE AGE."

When taking your inventory this winter you should use this book, because the accurate result and the saving in time, patience and money will surely make you decide never again to use any other inventory system.

Hardware Age Inventory Record Book is 10½ inches wide and 16 inches long. On each of the 100 pages there is room for the entry of 34 items.

**You can get a Free Copy of
Hardware Age Inventory Record Book
for your Inventory this year**

So that there will be no question about your getting a Hardware Age Inventory Record Book FREE in time for your next inventory, you should immediately write for particulars about our special subscription offer.

HARDWARE AGE

*Published every week for the men who are responsible for
the profit end of the Hardware Business*

725 39th St. Building

New York City

THERE'S DOLLARS FOR YOU

In the Sale of



RED CROSS FARM POWDERS

**For Land Clearing, Tree Planting, Soil
Improvement and Road Building**

The more acres yielding a money crop, the more trade for your shop. Be the live wire dealer, sell Red Cross Farm Powders, the widely advertised, best known explosives.

You need not stock Red Cross Farm Powders—take the orders and send to us or your jobber, who will ship from the nearest magazine to your customer, freight prepaid, if 200 pounds or more are ordered for one shipment.

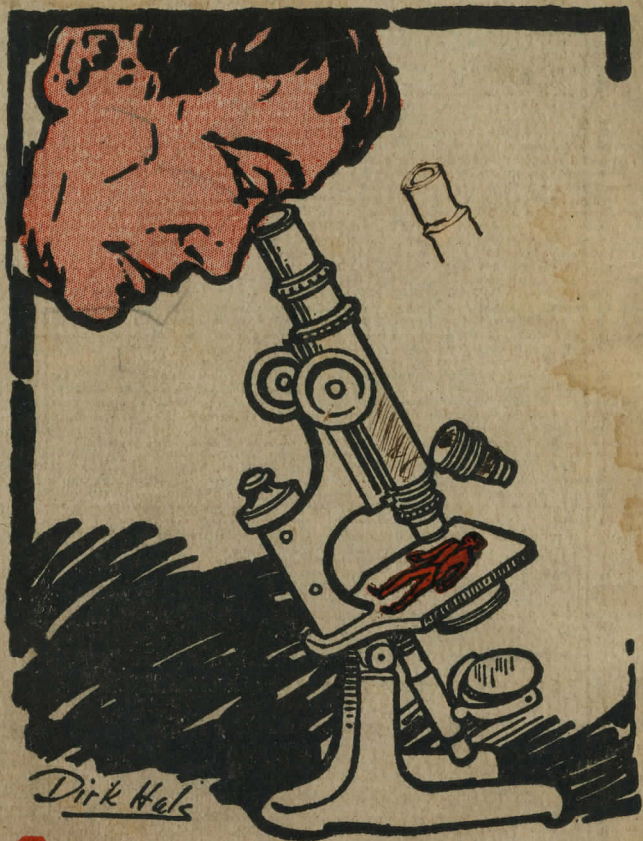
Cash in on the “farming with dynamite” proposition—blasting jobs can be done this fall.

Write for prices and dealer helps

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

Powder Makers Since 1802

Wilmington - - - Delaware



ON CLOSE EXAMINATION —
JUST WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?